

PS 3319

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1891











PS 4313  
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Rabboni.





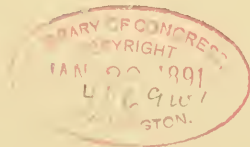
# Rabboni.

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The Rev Dwight Williams.

“I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive  
forevermore, Amen.”

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# Rabboni.

## I

“**F**H, touch me not,” the Master said,  
And why, as Mary stood ;  
Could she look down the path that led  
From that deep solitude  
Whither he went through tears and blood  
To that abyss so deep,  
So far beyond the land of sleep,  
That they who go with tears bedewed  
Come not to us who weep !



COULD she look up the royal road,  
The highway whither he  
Should reach in triumph his abode  
With throngs in jubilee,  
To take his crown, and sceptred be ?  
Beyond her touch he knew  
Far as the stars in azure blue,  
And yet so near, the same to see,  
Her loving Lord and true.



### III

© JESUS let me stand by thee,  
And share the same surprise ;  
Ah, hast thou not a word for me,  
A smile for my poor eyes ;  
May not the same dear dawn arise  
On all thy weary ones ;  
Shall Mary only hear the tones  
Sweet as the angel symphonies  
Amid the golden thrones ?





SO often I have heard thee speak,  
 And yet I knew thee not,  
 And in my weeping came to seek  
 Thee only in the grot,  
 With spices borne to bless the spot,  
 And sweetly hallow it ;  
 And where they laid thee long to sit,  
 In sorrow of my stricken lot  
 Where silence seemed most fit.



**M**Y woes are dead since thou dost live,  
 “Rabboni” thou art here ;  
 I know thee and my love I give  
 To thee my Saviour near,  
 I stand beside thee without fear,  
 And yet two worlds divide  
 Just where we stand ; thou beautified  
 In heaven’s serenest atmosphere,  
 Mine still the earthward side.



VI

“RABBONI,” I have called thee mine,  
I know thee by my love ;  
It fills me with a thrill divine,  
And in the light thereof  
I cannot from thy smile remove,  
For distance is no bar,  
Love needeth not a golden car  
To mount away to realms above,  
The same if near or far.



MII

I KNOW thou last ascended, yet  
Thou art as near to me  
As thou to those on Olivet,  
Who stood transfixed to see  
The chariot cloud that came for thee,  
And heard thy words so sweet ;  
I stand within my heart's retreat ;  
O world ! we here part company,  
My rapture is complete.





“RABBONI,” I can only say,  
The wonder fills my eyes,  
The morning of the perfect day  
Sweeps on in glad surprise ;  
Love calleth me, my heart replies,  
This only can I tell,  
I know thee, and I love thee well ;  
Thy smile my pathway beautifies,  
And in thy peace I dwell.





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